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FOR THE INFORMER.

W. C. C. No. IX.

On the duty of Children to Parents.

THE language of God's word to children and youth is "*Remember thy Creator,—Obey your parents,—Honour thy father and mother.*" If you disobey these commands, O children, you disobey God. It is surely reasonable for you to obey them, and it is for your highest interest. Your parents have done much for you. In infancy they dandled you on the knee of parental indulgence; they have borne with your childish wayward manners; have watched over and nursed you in sickness; and fed and clothed you in health. For you, they have had many anxious, serious, and weeping hours. And many of them have offered up for you, fervent and affectionate prayers. They have thought no labor too much, or pains too great to promote your best interest. And what will you give them in return? Will you cause those eyes to pour forth the briny streams of anguish, which have carefully watched over your steps, when you were unable to do it? Will you, by disobedience and profanity, wound those ears, which attentively listened to the sobs of infancy, the complaints of childhood, and all your groans and distresses? Will you pierce that heart with unutterable anguish, which has so long overflowed with pure affection for you? Or will you bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Are your hearts so hard, so unnatural, so wretched? May I not hope better things of you? Do I not hear you say, God forbid, that we should thus sin against him, our parents, and our own souls! We will honor our father and mother.

But lest this resolution should not be lasting; let me reason with you further. Consider also, your parents have

more years and experience than yourselves. They have known childhood and youth to be vanity. They see the many snares set for your feet. These advantages *well* qualify them, to give you needful advice. You may now think their restraints are hard and unnecessary; but you will see differently in future, and a thousand times thank your parents for their kind restraints and good counsel.

You may wish to be indulged in the fashionable amusements of life. But remember, those amusements are but the secret and delusive snares of the most fatal kind. A life of greater retirement is far more safe. If you are not trained up, at what should be called schools of fashionable vice; or what are falsely termed schools of politeness; yet you may acquire a graceful and easy carriage, which by men of sense, is far more esteemed and excellent, than all the mimicry of fops. A virtuous heart and useful life, have more intrinsic excellence, than all the pedantry of a world of coxcombs and coquettes. If you are then denied these things by your parents, there can be no just cause of complaint or disobedience. You may see the gilded bait, but not the too fatal snare. Your parents may see both. And if to prevent your being caught, they deprive you of the power of incautiously seizing the bait, it should be a matter of gratitude and obedience, rather than the reverse.

Disobedience to parents is a crime for which there is no excuse. God has severely threatened it, and will awfully fulfil the threatening, on those, who continue to disobey. There are also great blessings promised to good and obedient children. Let it also be noticed, that but few, who have come to an untimely and disgraceful death, but what begun their criminal career by disobedience to parents. It is also one of the most unnatural sins in the world; and I know of none more so, unless it is the mother, who would forget the child of her womb. Among some nations it has been punishable with death. And if you habituate yourselves to it, you cannot expect either to live or die in peace.

It has been remarked by many wise and observing men, that those, who were remarkable for their disobedience to parents, have, in their turn, been cursed with disobedience from their own children. If this observation is just, you may well look forward to a day of trouble. And should you in return have the same which is *now* given to your pa-

rents. it will bring to mind your past disobedience; and to be reminded of it by such means, will be enough to overwhelm you with guilt and remorse. O then, remember your creator in the days of your youth, and obey your parents.—O fly from disobedience as from a fierce tiger, and make it your one design, to love God and honor your parents.

Notwithstanding these considerations, which seem enough to overpower and bear down this unnatural evil, it is one of the most notorious sins of our land. Children and youth show an utter contempt of all parental authority and advice. As if resolved on destruction, they give up the reins to sinful appetite, and precipitately run the downward road. Some children can hardly talk plain, before they profane & blaspheme the name of God with almost every breath. And they hardly leave childhood for youth, before they are found in all kinds of debauchery and excess. If these evils begin in life, what shall the end be!

Remember this is not the way of happiness; but the way of misery and destruction. Think how many sighs, tears, prayers, groans, and sleepless hours, your wicked courses have already cost your heart-broken parents! And can you delight in their misery! or take pleasure in their distress! If filial feelings and human tenderness have not deserted you forever, return, O return from your prodigality; and let them have joy in you, before their sorrow shall bring them down to the solitary chambers of the tomb.

Their sorrow would not have been so great, had they followed you to the grave, in your infant years. But you have lived to embitter or cut off their expectations of your well doing; or their streams of earthly joy; and to be the burden and distress of their lives.

But it is yet in your power, to raise their sunken spirits, to smooth their sorrowed countenance; and to allow their setting sun to cast off its cloudy veil of woe, and before it goes down the declivity of death, shoot upon them some reviving beams of joyful hope. And will you refuse a thing so reasonable, and so much to your interest! Had I the tongue and eloquence of a flaming seraph, and could I speak the language of eternity, you should hear my arguments and intreaties; and, were it possible, they should be joined with tears & strong crying, if peradventure I might call you back

to the line of filial duty ! O children, children, what will you say in the day of judgement, when God shall call you to an account for your wicked disobedience. May God bless this advice to your present and future good. And when I shall sleep beneath the cold clods of the valley, may this advice live to reclaim you from your wanderings, or prevent you from staying, is the prayer of your friend, for Jesus' sake.

W. C. C.

REVIVALS, &c.

We have the gratifying information from Killingly, Conn. that the revival in that place has assumed a still more pleasing aspect. Nineteen more have been added to Elder Cooper's church since the 26th of January ; making, in all, 65 since last September. Many more have of late been taken from the horrible pit, and their feet established on the Rock Christ Jesus. ' Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice : for the Lord will do *great things*.'

The Lord is doing 'great things' in various parts of our land, in converting multitudes of poor sinners from the error of their ways, and persuading them to accept of durable riches—'riches above what earth can grant, and lasting as the mind.'—Still it is to be lamented that too many immortal beings are so intent upon fleeting joys and pleasures of this world, that they will not listen to the gracious overtures of Him, 'in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures forever more.'

How many would think themselves transcendantly happy if they could arrive at the possession of an earthly crown & sceptre ; and can find no gratification in being heirs of a crown of life, and a kingdom of immortal glory ? What importance do mortals arrogate to themselves if they can gain admission to the palace of a terrestrial monarch, and boast of a gracious interview ; and shall we think it no distinction to be admitted into the presence of the King of kings, and to enjoy communion with him, both in public and private ? Again, who does not think it an honor to associate with the noble & the great ; and is it nothing to have an intercourse with the saints and angels of the Most High ; to have our names enrolled in the list of those, who are dear and honorable in his sight, and to be adopted into the family of heaven ? O child of gaiety and dissipation, of avarice and riches, or of ambition and honor, whoever thou art, if thou shouldst deign to give this a perusal, seriously consider the subject, and let me entreat thee to try the truth of my observations by thine experience. Take religion for thy guide, thy counselor, and thy portion ; earnestly seek an interest in the blood of Christ, the pardoning love of God, and the sanctifying influences

of the Holy Spirit. Pray earnestly, that thou mayest be enabled to enter into the spirit, and taste the enjoyments of true religion. — And after thou hast known what it is to have communion with God, and feel the sublime joys, which spring from true devotion, assuredly thou wilt not wish to exchange them for the pleasures of this world; but if thou still refusest to make the trial, tremble for the consequences; and remember, that if thou art resolved to persist in thy obduracy, this feeble remonstrance shall, with all the faithful sermons, thou hast heard, and all the pious books thou hast read, rise up in evidence against thee, in that day when thou shalt be called to stand before the Judge of heaven and earth, and hear that dreadful sentence from his affronted Majesty, against which there shall be no resistance, from which there shall be no appeal.

FROM THE RHODE ISLAND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

FRIDAY EVENING LECTURE. No. IV.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him — Psalm cii. 13.

Such is the kindness and compassion of the *most high*, that it would require a sunbeam to inscribe its inimitable glories on the mind of man.

In its *exercise* it is perfectly free; no human merit can at any time command it; and, it is our mercy that no human or infernal power, can at any time control it. It is free as the light of heaven and equally glorious. We have seen it exercised towards sinners innumerable — sinners of the deepest die — men, who have rendered themselves monsters by the enormity of their crimes! Of such there are, doubtless, thousands now in heaven, who sing in lively and exalted strains, 'Free grace and dying love.'

The *proofs* of the divine compassion are numerous and brilliant as the stars of heaven. All the blessings of *nature* rise in proof of God's kindness and good will to men. His goodness descends in the rain, shines in the sun, and springs up in all the earth. 'The earth is full of his goodness.'

But chiefly, his compassion appears most evident and glorious in the provisions of his *grace*. They are suitable, and they are sufficient. The gift of his Son demonstrates inconceivable philanthropy! 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have eternal life.' See compassion towards man evidenced in the sufferings of the blessed Jesus! when our sins were borne and punished in the immaculate body of 'the Lamb of God.' — The innocent Saviour dies that guilty men may live! Glory be to God, 'Hosanna in the highest.'

The *invitations* of his word breathe the compassion of his heart; as do likewise the *promises* which he hath given us.

'Come,' saith he, 'and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' What a ground of hope is this for a poor guilty creature. — Let us have recourse to it in all times of our distress; 'even when the enemy shall come in like a flood,' and when the misgivings of our hearts sink our spirits, and bring us 'very low.'

Almost every attribute of the Deity seem to plead against the sinner, except Compassion. Holiness saith, 'Put away the sinner;' Compassion saith, 'Receive him through Jesus Christ.' Justice saith, 'Cut down the Sinner;' Compassion, 'Spare him yet another year.' Vengeance saith, 'Execute the guilty creature.' Compassion, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.' Veracity saith, 'Bind the wretch in chains of everlasting darkness!' Compassion, 'Loose him and let him go.' — O my soul, how art thou indebted to Divine compassion. When a man commits sin, he tramples this gracious attribute under his profane feet, and practically saith he doth not regard it. — Reader, hath Compassion spared thee, as well as the writer, to this moment? O let us improve our remaining moments for the glory of him whose 'mercy endures for ever.' 'Whose grace flows on, and will for ever flow.' Divine Compassion hath wrote a thousand pardons, and bestowed them all upon men 'without money and without price.'

Compassion, is the running title of the Gospel, which is a dispensation for *sinners*. A door of hope opened for the *ungodly*, and a celestial hand stretched out to rescue them from *despair*. O my soul, regard this as 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God.'

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

From the London Methodist Magazine.

ILLUSTRATION OF LUKE XXII. 45. '*The Sun was darkened.*'

*"Behold! what wonders mark his death:
Whence are these prodigies! What but the hand
Of God can shake the pillars of the earth,
Seal up the sun, and rend these rocks in twain,
Turn day to night, tear down the temple's veil,
Break up the graves, and bid the saints come forth.*

Of all the miracles recorded in Scripture, none more deserves our attention, or perhaps is less regarded, than the eclipse that happened at the death of CHRIST. This eclipse was astonishing beyond conception and could only be produced by preternatural agency. For we may learn from the Sacred Writings, that the moon was full, and consequently there could be no regular eclipse of the sun at that time, yet the darkness was great

and all nature seemed to be in convulsions. We find the fact noticed by several philosophers and historians of those times. It was observed by Lucian, by Pagan, the freed man of the Emperor Adrian, by Dionysius, and by Ephrem in Egypt, who, in particular, was so struck with this surprising phenomenon, that he cried out in the utmost astonishment, "Either the world is destroyed, or the God of nature suffers."

That this darkness was preternatural, and not occasioned by the conjunction or opposition of any of the heavenly bodies, as some, through ignorance, have supposed, I shall endeavour to shew as it is as capable of a mathematical demonstration as any proposition in EUCLID.

First, then, an eclipse may be of two kinds, either solar or lunar. A solar eclipse, or what is commonly called an eclipse of the sun, is occasioned by the interposition of the opaque body of the moon between the earth and sun, and can happen only when the moon is new. As the moon passes between the earth and the sun, if she hide the whole body of the sun from us, it is called a total eclipse; when she hides only part of the sun, it is called a partial eclipse. A lunar eclipse is occasioned by the interposition of the earth between the moon and the sun, whose shadow then often falls on the moon, deprives her of light; this can happen only when the moon is in opposition to the sun, or full.

Now it is plain, that, had the moon been new when CHRIST suffered, the darkness would not have been so wonderful, as the sun might then possibly have been eclipsed. But the moon, as I before observed, was full, and consequently in the opposite part of her orbit; had there been any eclipse at that time, it must have been a lunar one, and even that would have been invisible at Jerusalem. It is thus demonstrated that the moon could not cause the darkness; and as it is known from experience, that there is no other planet between the earth and the sun capable of eclipsing that glorious luminary, we must pronounce that the darkness which happened at the death of CHRIST was a phenomenon not to be accounted for in any other way than by the interference of infinite power and wisdom! The sun cannot be darkened but by the interposition of some opaque body, or a miracle from GOD. The sun was darkened without the interposition of any opaque body: Therefore, that darkness must immediately arise from the agency of GOD.

Such was one among the many miracles which attended the death of Him, at whose presence the pillars of heaven tremble, the sun and stars fade away, the earth melts, and the deep rooted mountains are no more; and when, ere long, we shall behold coming clothed with majesty on the clouds of heaven, to reward every man according to his works!

FARTHER OBSERVATIONS ON CONSISTENCY OF CHARACTER.

BENDING over the altar of my God, I offer to Him the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. From this solemn act of devotion, I rise with increased ardour for the pursuit of every thing spiritual and durable. Having, in this near approach to the Deity, contemplated the perfections of His august character, all my powers are prostrated before Him. These perfections, I apprehend to be the glory of his character: In the contemplation of which, I am overpowered with profound adoration. With my mind tuned to the softest notes of solemn and delightful devotion, while in the presence of such a Being, I form to myself resolutions not to suffer the busy concerns of life, and the fleeting objects of sense, to disturb the sweet harmony which pervades all intellectual powers. The sun by day, the moon & stars by night, and all the variegated scenery of nature, diversified by thousands of animated and inanimated beings, to me only exhibit the glorious perfections of Him whom I adore as my Lord, and as the Lord of all these things. Filled with pleasing astonishment at these surrounding wonders, I again silently bow, and, for the want of language to express my feelings, I offer to him the mute praise of my heart. *Groanings which cannot be uttered* heave my breast, and throw up my sighs to the throne of God. Oh, say I to myself, could I remain in such a frame as this! But even this involuntary aspiration is suddenly interrupted, either by a rap at my door, or by a silent monitor, which reminds me that I am a social being, and that therefore society have a claim upon my attention. Like most others, I am surrounded by a family, a wife whom I tenderly love, with a helpless babe in her arms, another just beginning to lisp, and others—ah! all—how many soever they may be—dependent upon my industry for their daily food, and looking to me for those fatherly instructions and restraints, which are needful to direct their steps in life. Here, then, I am called off from that mental abstraction which afforded me such a pleasing reverie, and my attention is divided between a great variety of objects, all of which have a claim upon my time and talent.

But does this distract my mind? O no. I still see God in them all. How is my heart affected at the sight of those dear pledges of conjugal love. I view them as so many emanations of Deity, in whom, perhaps, I may yet see a miniature resemblance of my God. And even this thought inspires a sudden ejaculation. O Thou restorer of man! Bless these images of myself—and restore unto them that image of *thyslf* in which their great progenitor was created. In this, therefore, my mind is tuned to devotion.

But while following this train of thought a few days ago, my attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a friend of man.

kind—I will not call him *my* particular friend, lest I should seem to arrogate something to myself which others do not enjoy—who entertained me with the following observations. The energy with which he spoke proclaimed the sincerity of his heart.

“To speak the *truth*,” said he, “is one thing, and to speak the truth in *love*, is quite another. Many boast of their honesty in speaking truth, and, as they say, being plain hearted, who, were they candidly to examine their own hearts, might find themselves inexcessably deficient in that royal grace of the Holy Spirit, namely *love*. Truth is like a sharp, inflexible sword, which, if not tempered in the oil of love, may inflict incurable wounds, even upon the fair reputation of the innocent. Its imperious demands may be granted, while its injured rights are not repaired. He who uses this unbending weapon, without guiding its strokes by a loving hand, acts like an unfeeling conqueror, who devours all before him merely because fortune has decided in his favour.

“The speaking truth simply, is laudable in itself, while speaking the truth in love, having respect to the motive and tendency of the act, is worthy of all praise. This combines the good of the person speaking, and the person spoken of, or to, together.” “And why should I,” added he, “be negligent of myself, or heedless of the reputation of my neighbour, while attempting to correct his faults by the strokes of truth? To act from an improper motive is to murder the peace of my own soul, and increases the misery, instead of adding to the happiness, of others. *Honestus* uniformly speaks the truth, whenever he speaks of what he knows. This is commendable. But here lies his error. By a needless exposure of the foibles of others, though in doing it, he does not swerve from the truth, he diminishes their influence, and prevents the good they might otherwise do. This is owing to his want of that pure benevolence, or Christian love, which hides a multitude of sins. For the want of this, there is a secret rejoicing in the iniquity of others, and a thinking of evil where no evil exists.

Another inconsistency into which he is frequently betrayed is, that he suffers his burning indignation against the workers of iniquity to get the better of his judgment, so that in denouncing the penalty of law against them, he manifests an undue warmth of spirit, which causes him to wound deeper than the necessity of the case would require. Now if this just indignation had been tempered with the softening effects of Divine love, he would convince the unhappy delinquents that he seeks their salvation, even when compelled to chastise them for their faults. I blame not the honesty of his heart, nor his zeal for the injured rights of truth; but I blame him for suffering his zeal to carry him beyond the limits of Christian moderation. ‘*The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.*’ There is a bitter zeal, which

has done immense mischief in the Church of God, by mingling itself with the flames of angry passions, and exciting men to contend, with furious determination, for matters of minor importance, while they *"neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and the love of God,"*

"I heard this same *Honestus* haranguing the multitude on the impropriety of imitating the gaudy fashions of the world, which are perpetually changing their exterior forms. His theme was good. His sentiments were just. And he expressed himself in terms of severe reprehension, and made many ludicrous remarks upon that ticklish part of man, called the fancy. I recollect, among other things, he compared it to the Camelion, which assimilates its external appearance to every thing with which it comes in contact; and he even said it resembled the Spaniard's tail, turning itself in every direction, without any determinate end in view, merely because the wind of fashion happened to blow in that direction. Now, he was perfectly justifiable in condemning the conduct of those who thus change their outward covering, to conform to the ever-varying tide of fashion; but the asperity of his spirit, and the vulgarity of some of his expressions, were as offensive to the good taste of his audience, as was the disgusting practice he so loudly condemned; and therefore his animadversions were not calculated to correct the evil he deprecated, nor to accomplish the good he wished. Had that tender affection which divine love calls into action, manifested itself in his spirit, and a correct taste evinced itself in his words, his honest intentions and scriptural sentiments, would have been shielded from any just criticism. For this overflowing affection of the soul, nothing can serve as a substitute. And even its expression should be clothed in language, chaste, simple, and dignified. In this, then, consists his inconsistency; while professing the highest veneration for that religion whose characteristic distinction, nay, whose very essence, is love, he evinces its desecration in his own heart."

"I do not," continued this judicious observer of men's conduct, "approve of that squeamish disposition, which prompts its possessor to a perpetual round of censure. The indulgence of this fastidious passion is productive of much uneasiness in the breast of him who is actuated by it, and promotes much of strife among those who are the objects of its remarks. True criticism has for its object the reformation of mankind, in words and actions, and is as much concerned to draw a veil over unimportant blemishes, which are the mere effect of inadvertence, or the want of that nice observance of time & place, which can only be acquired by mature experience, as it is to condemn those deviations from rectitude and propriety, which originate either from wickedness or ignorance; and while it unsheathes its sword to pierce the heart of the deliberate transgressor, it carries a healing

balsam to assuage the pains it may have occasioned in the penitent heart; and presents a cordial to those, who, while aiming to do well, meet with discouragements from a sense of their many imperfections."

"Now," added he, "for the want of that tender sympathy which divine love creates, *Honestus* frequently wounds where he ought to heal, blames where he ought to apologize, and harshly censures those over whom he ought to throw the mantle of charity. The native roughness of his disposition has not been sufficiently corrected by that refinement which is effected by Divine grace and manly science. Hence those who are not so intimately acquainted with him as to duly appreciate the honesty of his intentions, contract a disrelish for his society; and, while they question the purity of his motives, reject his honest admonitions."

On hearing the closing sentence of this discourse, I could not help sighing for the manifest inconsistencies of my fellow men. I felt willing to associate myself with those who are surrounded with numerous infirmities; and therefore to sympathize with them in their hapless condition. One reflection passed my mind which caused much consolation. It was this,—What a merciful High Priest have we to deal with; *who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities!* who bears with the frailties of his creatures, and pardons their offences! This reflection turned my mind again to devotion, and I was involuntarily led to adore once more the God of my salvation for having provided such a suitable remedy for the evils of our fallen natures. And, from the whole, I drew this conclusion,—If our heavenly Father manifests such forbearance towards us, surely we ought to have patience one with another.

FROM THE SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCER.

SWEARER! BEWARE!

Mr. Editor.—The following event occurred in P——, my native town some time since. A young man, about 20 years of age, of the name of G*****, on a public day, being somewhat intoxicated, rode down the main street with considerable rapidity, and meeting a friend, reined in his horse, which was skittish, in order to converse with him. Not many words had passed, when the young man's friend requested him to turn about and go with him to the 'North Woods.' 'I'll go to Hell first!' was the reply. The words hardly escaped his lips, when his horse suddenly reared himself on his hind legs, and pitching backwards fell on his rider and crushed him to death! He was taken up a lifeless corpse, and carried into an adjoining house, where I saw him. He was taken at his word! Oh! where is his soul?

FOR THE INFORMER.

ADDRESS TO YOUTH,

Occasioned by the sudden and affecting death of Miss Polly Sprague, who, in attempting to cross a river on a foot bridge, fell into the stream, and, by the rapidity of the current, was carried to a pond below under large bodies of ice, where, in a few moments, she expired. The body, notwithstanding every possible exertion, could not be found until the 3d day after, about three o'clock, P. M.

The above melancholy event took place in North-Providence, R. I. Feb. 22d, 1822.

*"Our fun'ral tears, from different causes rise;
As if from different cisterns in the soul,
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd; some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye."*

DEAR YOUTH,

To you, as yet strangers to all the varied woes of human life, it may seem a preposterous attempt to call your attention from those gay and splendid scenes, in the midst of which you are receiving a thousand fancied enjoyments, to a subject affecting, gloomy, and awful. Duty, however, and a regard to your highest and best interest, induce me to make this attempt; induce me to call upon you seriously to think of death. Were your pastimes and your pleasures to last forever, an attempt to divert your attention from them might seem cruel. But O! I *must* tell you, your's are short-lived pleasures. They will soon end. All those charms of which you now boast will soon wither like the faded rose, and all your youthful amusements will soon pass away. This, the book of inspiration declares. All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.

*"I have seen the gay tulip the pride of the vale,
Tho' it blossom'd at morn, ere evening, grew pale,
And wither and die in a day;
I have seen the fair vi'lets of beautiful hue,
But their bloom will not last, and they fade like the dew,
That hangs o'er the eye-lids of May."*

Yes! my young friends, the beauties of youth, like the dew-drop, that in May, glitters in the sun beams, will ere

long disappear; and what will succeed them? Pale death and all the horrors of the buried *tomb*. Do you doubt it? Look on that *poor* hapless young lady, whose melancholy exit hath occasioned these reflections. Think on what once she was. Think on what she is now. One moment, gay, sprightly, and cheerful; The next involved in all the agonies and dire convulsions of recent death. One moment, in company with a youthful friend; the next, holding converse with disembodied spirits. One moment beholding the fond scenes of life; the next, opening her eyes upon all the solemn realities of Eternity! How great how affecting the change! Alas! can you think on poor Mary, and not feel the tear of tender sensibility stealing down your cheek? Do you weep for Mary? Believe me, in her you only see a picture of your future selves. You, like her, will lie down in the cold grave, and all the fascinating visions of life, to you will soon be over. Methinks a voice from Mary's tomb whispers to you in melting strains,

*"Behold! dear youth, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, you soon will be,
Prepare in life to follow me."*

Are you prepared? Do you love God, his word, and the ordinances of the gospel? Do you love the Saviour, have you found him precious to your souls? I fear, I greatly fear, some of you cannot answer these interrogatives in the affirmative. How then can you any longer trifle? Treading on the borders of the grave and the eternal world, how can you waste in sports and plays those all-important moments, given you by the benevolent author of your being, that you might seek an interest in the blessed Saviour; that you might make your calling and election sure? Why will you die? Your souls are precious. Your souls are of infinite value. Look up to the firmament above you. See it spangled with the stars. See it decorated with ten thousand twinkling luminaries. Look upon the world around you. A thousand objects beautiful, grand and sublime present themselves for **your** contemplation. Your souls are worth more than all these, more than the whole material system. They will survive the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds. Death, fell monster, will soon destroy your bodies; but your

souls shall never die; but, leaving these tenements of clay shall,

*"From glory then to glory rise,
Or sink from deep to deeper miseries;
Ascend perfections everlasting scale,
Or still descend from gulph to gulph in hell."*

Now, my dear young friends, since your souls are thus precious; since you must ere long (and it may be, like poor Mary suddenly) die and appear before God in judgment; since the Saviour has by the grace of God tasted death for all; since wisdom in the language of mercy calls upon you, saying, *"I love them, who love me, and those, who seek me early shall find me,"* will you not be induced to break off your sins by righteousness, and your iniquities by turning to God? Now the Saviour invites, reason pleads, conscience warns. O hear! Hear and obey, and your souls shall live. Give your sinful pleasures and plays to the four winds. Give them all away. Retaining them but a little longer and you are gone forever. Then you will take up your lamentation and say; *"The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved."* If you will now seek Christ and the salvation of your souls, if you will accept the offers of mercy on the terms of the gospel, you shall be happy. When called away from all things here below, you will feel calm and composed. You will find death disarmed of its sting, and the grave of its victory. Angels will kindly beckon you away, and lead you to realms of immortal bliss.

There, *Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits you'll feed;
You, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispel your fears,
And forever from your eyes,
God shall wipe away all tears."*

COMMUNICATED BY A FRIEND.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"WHAT occasions that melancholy look," questioned a gentleman to one of his young favorites one morning. He

turned away his face to hide a tear ready to start from his eye. His brother answered for him—"Mother is very angry with him," said he, "because he would not say his prayers last night: and cried all day because a sparrow died that he was fond of." The little mourner hastily turned round, and looking at the gentleman, exclaimed, "I could not say *thy will be done*, because of my poor little bird." He took him by the hand, and pointing to his school-fellows, said, "Mark this observation, from the youngest present, only six years old; for it explains the nature of prayer, which perhaps some of you are ignorant of. Many persons repeat words, who never prayed in all their lives. My dear boy, I am very glad to find you were afraid to say to God what you could not say truly from your heart; but you may beg of him to give you submission to his will. And you may try to forget the loss of your sparrow, and find another to supply his place; for that is what all wise persons do, when they lose any good thing. Instead of fretting and vexing, they consider how they may make up their loss in other ways.

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Grafton ss.

Enfield Jan. 1st, 1822.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that David How, James Willis, Richard Currier, 2d. and their associates, have united and formed themselves into a society, and have assumed the name and style of the *Enfield Religious Union Society*, agreeably to an act of the Legislature of said State, passed June session, 1819, and have caused the same to be recorded in a book of record kept by the clerk of said society.

ATTEST. JOSEPH MERRILL, *Clerk of the Society.*

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hillsborough ss.

Wilmot Sept. 17th, 1821.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that David Cross, Joseph Allen, Nathan Jones, Ezra Jones, and their associates, have united and formed themselves into a religious society, and have assumed the name and style of the *First Free-will Baptist Society* in Wilmot, agreeably to an act of the Legislature of said State, passed June session, 1819, and have caused the same to be recorded in a book of records, kept by the clerk of said society.

ATTEST, DAVID CROSS, *Clerk.*

MARRIED—In this town, March 14th, Mr. William Farnham to Miss Mary Quimby. March 28th, Mr. Job Story to Miss Lucy Story.

Poetry.

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2 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers given,
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a soft and downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shore,
Where storms arise and ocean's roar,
But all is o'er in heaven.

4 Now faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

5 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WEARE QUARTERLY MEETING

WILL be holden at Enfield, N. H. on the last Saturday and Sabbath in May next. Elders' Conference to be holden the Friday before, to commence at 1 o'clock P. M.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE YEARLY MEETING

WILL be holden at Sandwich, N. H. on the 2d Saturday and Sabbath in June next.

RATES OF POSTAGE FOR THE INFORMER.

For 100 miles or any distance short, one cent. If over 100 miles and out of the state, one and a half cents.